# Fairyland

## CHAPTER IX

### FAIRYLAND

PORT PHAETON is truly enough the gateway to a Polynesian Paradise. Those seemingly gently-sloping hills of the peninsula, or, to give it its native name, of Taiarapu, are, authentically, of the stuff of dreams. That great lover, George Calderon, wrote of it as follows :

" I am now in the peninsula of Taiarapu, a rich, deep-bosomed country of low, sloping hills, long, luxuriant grass, bamboo villages bowered in shady forests. The people of Taiarapu in the old days, cut off by the isthmus from the mainland, led a half-independent life and hardly acknowledged the suzerainty which the kings of the mainland